

The Mark of Athena

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Summary: This is the one where the Mark of Athena burns through Rome. Annabeth has a request from her mother, the Goddess Athena. That is: "Follow the Mark of Athena. Avenge me!" Our seven heroes embark on a quest to Rome, where Annabeth must journey alone, to find the Athena Parthenos, while the others defeat Gaia's sons' who are rampaging the earth once more. Can they defeat her?

## The Mark of Athena

\*\*Hi guys! I'm new to this, so here is my first chapter of my new story. My version of the Mark of Athena! Hope you like it! Reviews please!\*\*

## The Mark of Athena

### Heroes of Olympus

\*\*Percy\*\*

STANDING AT THE FRONT OF THE CROWD OF ROMANS, I felt like something was about to go horribly wrong. I had tried to explain my feelings to Frank and Hazel but they said that everything would be just fine. I knew they were just doing it to be nice, but I had a twinge of hope that they might be right. I was going to see Annabeth. I couldn't believe it. After eight freaking months of being separated, I was finally going to see her again. We had gathered outside in front of the Pomerian line, Frank and Hazel at my side. They had really been the only caring friends I had with the Romans. Octavian, the augur, was the one who hated me. I knew that he did from the moment I met him. Hazel cut into my thoughts, "Percy, are you sure it'll be alright? I mean, the last time the Greeks and Romans met, they caused a war with demigods on both sides. What if this will be a reenactment of those wars? I'm scared, Percy, I really am." I saw her white face and knew she was. "You swore on your life, Percy. You know what that means. If anything goes wrong, Octavian will kill you. Or Reyna." said Frank, stumbling over his bed sheet toga. "You guys," I said.

"Quit worrying. Everything will be fine, I promise." But I knew something could go wrong. "Percy," said Hazel, smiling. "Why have you got that really annoying, but cute, moron smile on your face?" I masked it with a frown. "Have I?" I asked. Dakota turned round. "He was obviously thinking about Annabeth again." he teased. I blushed. "No I wasn't." I stopped talking and fixed my gaze over the setting horizon, looking out for a war ship. Suddenly, Gwen called out, "Look!" I looked over to where she was pointing. "There it is. The Argo II." That was the ship built by a boy so full of himself, maniac called Leo Valdez, looking supposedly like Hazel's first love before Frank, Sammy Valdez. He must have been from the same family, for they looked totally alike. In fact, almost like twins, though that couldn't be. Sammy died from a heart attack in the nineteen eighties. The ship stopped, above New Rome and Camp Jupiter.

My two friends gave me forced smiles, after what Terminus said, I knew they were worried for the legion and for me if something went wrong. I didn't let it bother me; everything was gonna be okay. The ship/awesome flying thing landed with a loud thump. A few seconds later, a boy jumped off the side of the ship and hovered above the ground before landing.

He had blond hair, electric blue eyes, a muscular build, and a scar under his lower lip. He was wearing the orange Camp Half-Blood t-shirt, jeans and from what I could make out, a camp necklace with a single bead.

He had a faint aura of power around him. Some campers gasped, some just stood there wide eyed, then there were some who were just plain confused. Beside me Hazel whispered, "It can't be..." and just like that, it hit me who this was. Jason, their missing camper, their lost hero, slayer of Krios and former praetor of the Twelfth Legion.

"Ummâ€|hi." He said, and with that, the camp erupted into a cheer. Some campers rushed up to Jason and hugged him, and some resigned to just gawking at the hero.

I made my way forward, trying very hard to walk without tripping. Seriously, togas? We're teenagers, we should just keep to jeans and t-shirts.

Everyone was silent as a girl in a purple toga, with dark hair and piercing eyes stepped forward. "Jason?"

"Reyna?"

"Welcome home." she said blankly.

He nodded, trying to catch her eyes, except she was staring anywhere but at him. Then his eyes settled on me. They darkened when he saw what I was wearing, which immediately made me feel guilty for taking this guy's position.

"Jason Grace." He said, holding out his hand. His last name startled me. Grace. It sounded familiar, but I couldn't put my finger on it.

"Percy Jackson." I replied, shaking his hand firmly.

"You ready for this?" Jason mumbled out of the side of his mouth.

"Nope." I grinned at Jason's surprised look. "But follow my lead." I turned to face the crowd.

"Romans, lend me your ears!" I yelled, making my voice strong and confident. "Your lost hero, Jason Grace, has returned from another camp, Camp Half-Blood. A camp just like this, except Greek. "

A murmur of nervous whispers escaped the crowd. People started whispering and it sounded like a wave cascading through the ranks.

"I know what you think about the Greeks," I continued, effectively silencing the other talking, "but you are wrong. They are not weak, deceiving people but strong and brave."

"They took me in," took over Jason, "accepted me, cared for me. And now they are here to unite us, to fight as one!"

People started nodding in the crowd and I was impressed by Jason's speech. He rallied his friends and made them want to see this through. Jason looked at me and I continued.

"We are uniting so we can defeat Gaia. I know she has been asleep for decades, but she is awakening. Her sons are rising; they plan to kill the gods, by ripping up their roots. Meaning the original Mount Olympus."

"They plan to destroy western civilization." Jason said. "But Juno took action. She swapped two leaders, from two different camps. I was sent to Camp Half-Blood, while Percy was sent here. This exchange was meant to be the introduction of Romans and Greeks to each other again, to learn to trust each other."

"We must travel across the lands to defeat the Earth goddess and her giant children. We must fight together." I finished.

The Romans cheered and nodded. I sighed in relief as the Romans began putting away their weapons. Jason and I had done it. We'd reached out and made nice with each other's camp.

"Well done you two." Reyna said as she sidled up to us. "You make a good team."

Jason and I shared a friendly smile before he turned back to his family.

"People of Rome," he bellowed, "meet some of my new friends."

He turned around and shouted in Greek, "Come on down!"

A door on the side of the ship slid open. A girl walked down first. She had choppy chocolate colored hair that fell down to her shoulder. She was very pretty dressed in a snowboarding jacket over her camp T-shirt. She beamed at the waiting crowd and was followed by the guy from the message. The one that looked like Sammy.

I glanced over at Hazel. She was pale, surprise written all over her

face. She was clutching Frank's hand as if her life depended on it. I couldn't understand what she must be feeling and placed a gentle hand on her shoulder to let her know I was there for her.

Sammy-look-alike was also wearing an orange Camp Half-Blood t-shirt, except it was covered in oil and grease. His jeans were sporting a burn hole he was trying to hide and his hair looked singed and smoking.

On the other side of Jason another girl strolled down confidently. She was wearing a Camp Half-Blood t-shirt and some skinny jeans. She had curly blond hair, the curls like a princess's, which fell over her shoulders and dazzling gray eyes. She was absolutely beautiful. I had to catch my breath; it was Annabeth Chase, my lost girlfriend.

End  
file.